



HOSEA BRAUN

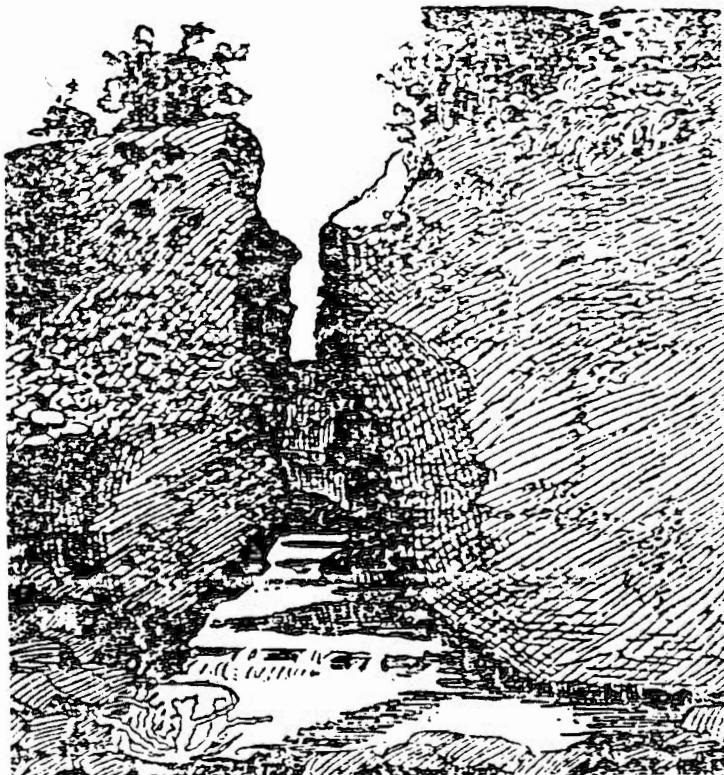
*A Romance
of Deerfield Hills*

SEVENTY YEARS AGO

HOSEA BRAUN

.....

*A Romance Of Deerfield Hills,
Seventy Years Ago.*



The Promontory In Brown's Gulf

Acknowledgements:

Hosea Braun and all material has been retyped from newspaper records found at the Utica Public Library. Great care has been made to maintain the original spelling, grammar, and punctuation as it appeared in the Utica Sunday Tribune.

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We in Deerfield are fortunate for the talent of Dr. Woodward Warren who lived in Deerfield at that time. He wrote the love story of Hosea Braun in celebration of Deerfield's Centennial in 1898 and had the article published in the Utica Sunday Tribune.

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Your Support is greatly appreciated.

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The Utica Sunday Tribune - February 13, 1898

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A Romance Of Deerfield Hills, Seventy Years Ago.

The Utica Sunday Tribune - February 13, 1898

*This story is based on actual occurrences and was written for
the Sunday Tribune by Dr. Warren of this city.*

Chapter I The Bitter Before The Sweet.

It was near the close of a bright October day and the golden disk of the sun was barely a half hour above the western horizon, that a young man was walking back and forth across the bridge that spans the river at the foot of what was then called the wood market, but now Bagg's Square. There was nothing peculiar or striking in his appearance; just an ordinary countryman, dressed in the ordinary garb of a young man from the country, of that period, -- garments made from "home spun" woolen cloth. He was of the average stature, with broad, well squared shoulders, and with limbs muscular and well proportioned to his height, his features were regular and harmonious, and the glance of his clear, honest, gray eyes conveyed not a hint of aggressiveness or self-assertion, but rather gave evidence of a diffident and retiring disposition. Still there was something about his well proportioned figure, the quick glance of his eye--his alert and vigorous movements, that convinced the beholder that he would prove no trifling antagonist if forced to the test of actual conflict.

He was evidently very expectant and impatient, as he frequently paused in his walk and cast an anxious look across the wood market and up the streets beyond. Then he would resume his walking with a look of disappointment upon his face, and approaching the east side of the bridge, look away off to the distant eastern hills where the full round moon was just visible above the dark outline of the tree tops. Finally, after nearly half an hour of impatient waiting, the nearby rumble of an oncoming vehicle saluted his ears, and he hastened out upon the approach to the bridge. Looking out into the wood market he saw a wagon coming down, drawn by a team of steers. The steers were rangy and lively, and came on a brisk walk. The driver was a tall man about 50 years of age, dressed in a long dark coat, which came down to the middle of his legs. On his head was a cheap, wide-brim, low crown, felt hat, that gave evidence of having been long exposed to the inclemencies of the weather.

"Hello, Hosea," came in brisk, cheery tones from the driver, who sat upon a board laid across the wagon box, "waiting for Jim Baird?"

"Yes," replied the young man; "have you seen him?"

"Yes, and he asked me to tell you not to wait for him. He's broke his harness, and he says it'll take half an hour to mend'it."

"That's too bad..," replied Hosea, "but I must hurry up as I must be in the gulf in an hour," and he turned and commenced to walk briskly away.

"Hold on Hosea; hold on; jump right inter the wagon and ride," said the driver.

"I'm in a hurry, Crary, and can't wait."

"Yes, I believe you're in a hurry," replied the other, with a twinkle in his eye, but if my stags can't take you up to the gulf quick'ern you can get there on foot, I'll give "em to ye."

"Oh sho!"

"Dumit, Hosea, jump in. I'll show you my stags can get to the gulf as quick as any hoss team on the road." Yielding to this forcible logic, Hosea placed his hands upon the box, and swinging lightly in, took his seat beside the driver on the board.

The steers now started at a brisk pace across the bridge, but when they reached the dike beyond, their speed decreased. The heavy rains of the previous week has so saturated the dark, alluvial soil of the river flats, of which the road bed was chiefly composed, that the mud was fetlock deep, and the frequent and ragged ruts made by the passage of the heavily loaded wagons, made progress difficult and tedious.

"Never mind, Hosea," said Crary, as he thought he detected some signs of impatience in his companion, "never mind. We won't find much mud after we git past the corners, and then I tell you them stags will jump. Going to Bullard's raisin' to-morrow?" he asked, after a pause.

"Yes"

"Going' to-night?" with a sly look at his companion.

"Yes, I spect to."

"Is Sabra workin' for your brother's folks now?"

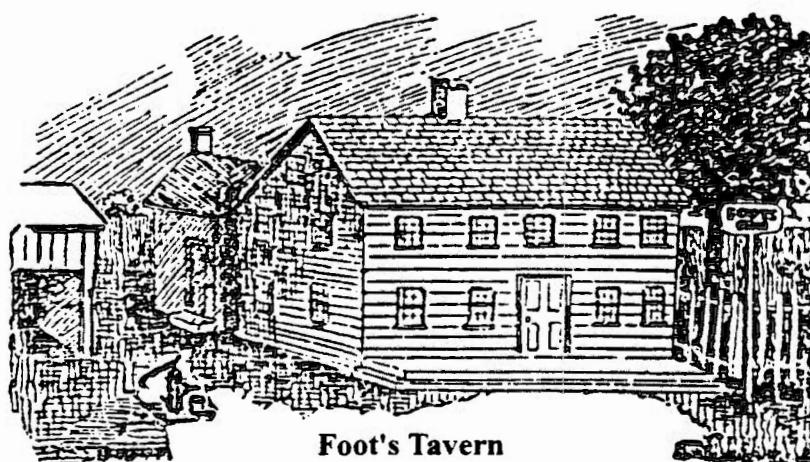
"Yes, she's workin' there."

"Wal, I spect she'll go up to help her mother to-morrer being it's raisin' day."

"I 'spose she will," replied Hosea. They had now arrived at the corners where a team of horses attached to a lumber wagon stood hitched to a post beyond Leland's store.

"D'ye know whose team that is?" inquired Crary.

"Yes, that's Major Foot's team. I saw Pros in the village about 3 o'clock with four or five of the fellows with him. "Hurry up, Crary" and he cast a glance of apprehension toward the store. Thus appealed to, about to urge his more expeditious gait, when was thrown out rushed half young fellows, laughing, with



Foot's Tavern

"Hold they yelled," don't you stop and treat?" reply, and Pros in advance of the out: "You may set'em up for the boys, for, by thunder, you'll have to if you marry Sabra." And then he sang or rather shouted in a loud, brutal tone "It's good to be Hosea and nice. It's good to be Hosea and true. But I wouldn't let a Canuck kiss my girl. I wouldn't let him, would you?" "Ho, ho, Hosea." shouted all the others in chorus. 'Ho, ho, he, he, haw, haw!' But one of them said, "too bad, Pros."

on, Hosea," hold on. Why and come in Hosea did not who was a little others, called as well begin to

The steers had kept steadily along and Hosea and his companion were some three or four rods distant from the riotous young fellows when they gave a yell and every one of them rushed back into the store.

"Hurry up, now, hurry up!" said Hosea in a tone of impatience. "Jest as soon as we git over the crick Hosea, just as soon as we git over the crick, I'll start the stags and they won't catch us unless they run their hosses all the way." He looked at his companion, whose set, pallid features and clenched hands gave evidence of the fearful tempest of anger that, this wanton and unprovoked attack, had aroused in his breast.

In a few minutes they had crossed the creek and ascended the little hill beyond. The steers now set off at a spanking pace along the river road, which was dry and hard. Whirling around the corner of Weaver's away they bounded with heads well up, towards the little sand hills to the north. On reaching these hills their speed was necessarily decreased, and as they toiled up the ascent Crary said: "I wouldn't mind 'em if I was you Hosea; they're half drunk and don't know what they say."

"I wouldn't if this was the first time, but it ain't by a good deal," replied the other. "If 'twas, I wouldn't care. They keep it up all the time, and I won't stand it much longer."

"Dumit, Hosea, don't you mind." "I don't care so much what they say about me, but when they git' off their low, mean slang about her I won't stand it, and Pros Foot'd better look out!!" exclaimed Hosea.

Having passed the sand hills the steers again quickened their pace and in a short time they had passed Captain Scott's and were well on their way up the hill at Northrup's, when they heard a rattling of wheels and shouting and singing far down the road in their rear."

"Hurry up," exclaimed Hosea, "they're comin' and runnin' their hosses."

"Come dandy!--Git up Diamond!" called out the driver to his steers, snapping the short lash on his goad. "They're after us; so git out of the way."

Stimulated by this unusual address, the steers went off on a run; for a few moments it looked as of a runaway was impending. "So, so," said Crary, "Steady lads steady!" and the steers soon moderated their pace. On came their pursuers at a rapid pace, singing and shouting and the wheels rattling over the stones. When Crary and his companions reached the point where the road entered the woods which lay a short distance below Foot's tavern they were close behind them.

"Say, Hosea," yelled one of them, "You'd better look out for your girl! I see the Canuck talkin' to her the other day, and if you don't look out he'll carry her off to Canada one of these days."

Hosea drew in his breath hard and Crary urged on his steers. "Who's the Canuck," said Crary to his companion in a low voice. "He's the fellow who's been workin' for Mr. Bullard, and he calls himself Dane Clair. He says he came from Canada and he's been workin' around here since July. He came to Bullard's three weeks ago."

"Wal, Hosea don't you mind what they say. Don't take any notice of them any way."

The road through the strip of woods was narrow and muddy, and their passage through was necessarily slow, and the young fellows in their rear kept up a constant fusilade of sarcasm and badinage, and Pros would occasionally interject one of his ribald, impromptu songs.

"Don't answer them Hosea. Don't take no notice of them. They'll run by us as soon as we're out of the woods."

"Git out of the way old Crary!" yelled Pros, "git out of the way or I'll run right over you!"

They had now emerged from the woods and Crary, well knowing the young mad-caps in his rear would not hesitate to carry their threat into execution unless he gave them the road, drove his team to one side, and yelling and shouting they dashed by on a run. Just as they were rushing by,

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their wagon gave a great lurch which nearly upset it, and a young fellow named Watkins, who was setting in the rear of the wagon, was thrown out, striking upon his head on the soft ground by the side of the road.

"Hey there; stop! There's a man overboard," shouted Crary. But the young fellows, crazed with drink and reckless from excitement, did not hear him and kept on their mad career until they arrived at Foot's tavern.

As soon as he saw the accident, Hosea leaped from the wagon and springing to the place where the young fellow lay upon his face, he turned him over. Then hastily scooping up some water from the roadside ditch with his hands, he dashed it in his face. By this time Crary was at his side.

"Got any whisky Hosea," said he, "a little whisky'd bring him round all right."

Hosea drew a small, flat flask from his breast pocket. "It's black strap but I guess it will do," said he, as he opened the young fellow's mouth and poured a small quantity of the dark contents of the bottle upon his tongue. But the application of the water and the black strap failed to restore him to consciousness. He was breathing heavily and they saw that a resort to other measures was necessary.

"Let's put him in the wagon and take him to the tavern; perhaps the Deacon'll know what to do," said Hosea.

They lifted the unconscious youth into the wagon and laid him upon some hay and drove as rapidly as possible to the tavern.

Hosea leaped from the wagon and ran into the barroom. The young fellows had left their team; for Hosea heard the Deacon, who stood behind his bar, say "No, boys; no more to-night, you've had enough to-night."

"Deacon," said Hosea, "there's a young fellow out in Crary's wagon who's hurt. What shall we do with him?"

"Bless me! Hurt did you say?" exclaimed the Deacon, and he hustled out of his bar and into the road, followed by all the others in the room.

They all crowded around the wagon, each one to get the earliest possible look at the injured man.

"Why, it's Dave Watkins!" said the Deacon, as he reached into the wagon and turned the injured man over so as to obtain a sight of his face.

"Yes," replied Crary, "it's Dave, sure." "Dave Watkins!" exclaimed several of the young men in chorus. "Why, Dave was in our load."

"Yes," replied Hosea, "Dave was in your load, but where is he now if that ain't him."

The young fellows looked dazed, but made no reply.

"Lift him out boys and bring him up on the platform," said the Deacon, hustling into the house and immediately returning with a horse blanket and a bottle of peppersauce in his hand.

Peppersauce was the Deacons panacea; a remedy to be applied in every case, at all times, and any and everywhere. It was commonly reported in later years that during the great epidemic of cholera in 1832 he had cured a case of that disease which occurred in the gulf, with peppersauce alone.

The unconscious young man was lifted from the wagon and laid upon the blanket, and the Deacon went down beside him.

"Beats all," said Pros. How'd he git hurt, d'ye think, and how'd we lose him?"

"Beats all," exclaimed several others in chorus.

"He fell out of your wagon when you run by us," said Hosea.

"O, he fell out did he?" said Pros "He must be drunk!"

"I guess you're right this time Pros," said Crary drily.

Meanwhile the Deacon had been examining David. He felt of his pulse, passed his hands over his limbs and face, pulled open his eyelids and looked at his eye, then gently opening his mouth poured through the goosequill, which was inserted in the cork, a few drops of peppersauce upon his tongue. Then he rose to his feet and awaited the result. A minute passed and Watkins showed no signs of returning consciousness. The young fellows standing about began to exhibit signs of uneasiness and whisper among themselves.

"D'ye think he's dead?" said one. "I'm 'fraid he is replied another. "Yes, probably." "Too much of a job for the Deacon's peppersauce this time." But the Deacon had great faith in peppersauce, and waited.

Presently young Watkins began to move a little. He put his hands to his lips and tried to rub them. Then he pursed up his mouth as if about to whistle, and gave a long sibilant expiration, and followed this by protruding his tongue as far as possible. Then he opened his eyes and looked up at those who were standing about him, spitting and clawing at his tongue with his fingers. By this time a broad grin had spread over Pros' face, seeing which Watkins sat up.

"What you grinnin' at Pros Foot?" said he. "D'ye put that devils fire on my tongue? "F'you did, curse you, I'll smash your face when I get up!"

"No, Pros didn't do it," said the Deacon. "I did it. I put some peppersauce on your tongue to bring you around."

"D--n your peppersauce!" "Don't swear, David. don't swear," said the Deacon, solemnly.

The young men who lived in various directions now began to depart for their homes; and at this moment Hosea remembered for the first time since the accident his urgent mission to the gulf.

"Come out to the road, Crary. I've got to hurry down into the gulf, and I want to speak to you first."

Crary walked with him out to the road, but Hosea did not tell him what he wanted to say, for at that moment a team arose above the brink of the gulf and came towards them at a quick pace.

"Who's team's that?" inquired Crary. "I ain't sure," was the reply, but it looks like Bullard's."

The team advanced close to them. "Yes," said Crary, "it's Bullard's, and that must be the Canuck drivin'; but who's the woman ridin' with him? Why! why! bless my soul, it's Sabra!" gazing with open mouth as if an apparition had unexpectedly appeared before him.

Hosea's face turned to a ghastly white in the moonlight. He trembled, clenched his hands and turned away. Sabra sat with her face bowed and did not look up. The Canadian looked at them with an air of indifference, but did not seem to recognize them.

"Come," said Hosea, in a voice so strange that the startled Crary turned an anxious look upon him. "Come, Crary, let's go take a drink."

The team went on up the road, and the two men entered the tavern.

"Lemon for me," said Hosea, as they stepped up to the bar. "And me, too," said his companion.

Crary was astonished at the quantity of liquor Hosea poured out into his glass, for while he himself took only the regulation "two fingers," his companion poured his glass half full.

"Why, Hosea! are you goin' to drink all that?" "Yes," and he drank the entire contents of the glass without pausing to take a breath. "Good night, Crary," said Hosea going out of the door. followed immediately by the other, who said: "Now, Hosea, don't you go to having trouble about

Hosea Braun

Sabra." I know Sabra: 'n she's a good girl, Sabra is."

Hosea did not reply, and Crary climbed into his wagon and drove away to his home on the hill, while his young companion went down into the gulf with a vibrating brain and a heart aflame with jealousy and doubt of the woman he loved.

George Braun had been at work in his saw mill in the gulf all day, and at 8 o'clock in the evening he was still busily engaged there when his brother Hosea came in.

"Well, Hosea," said he, "you have got here at last. What made you so late?"

Hosea briefly related the incidents of the evening and George continued: "I'm sorry you did not get here sooner, Hosea. Sabra was so disappointed. She felt real bad."

Hosea came forward and seated himself on the log in front of the saw. His movements were unsteady and George looked at him with surprise.

"What'd she go with that Canuck for? What'd she go for anyway?"

"Why Hosea, her mother sent for her to be sure to come up tonight, and she had to go."

"No, she didn't. She didn't have to neither. She might've waited for me." He spoke in a thick, indistinct voice while he watched the approach of the saw to where he sat upon the log.

"Don't sit there, Hosea! Don't sit there! Tisn't safe. Come with me up to the house and have some supper."

"Shall set here 'f I want to. Don't want no supper."

"Well, come up then and go to bed; come," and George took him by the arm and led him out of the mill, and up to the house. Then returning hastily he shut off the water and left the mill for the night.

Having disposed of his brother for the night, George returned to where his wife sat sewing.

"Lydda," said he with an anxious look upon his face. "I'm afraid Hosea's drinkin' too much, I've noticed it for some time, and feel concerned about him. He seems to have somethin' on his mind. What do you think it is?"

"Well, you know," replied Lydda "the boys plague him a good deal about Sabra. Then I believe the Canadian has something to do with his trouble."

"D'ye think Canuck is tryin' to cut him out?"

"O, I don't know whether he's tryin' to cut out or cut in, but he's certainly shining up to Sabra."

Meanwhile the subjects of this conversation were riding slowly along in the silvery moonlight towards their home on the hill. They rode on in silence for several minutes, after passing Hosea and Crary in the road, but at length Clair said: "I s'pect Hosea'll be mad at me now, won't he?"

"I'd know why he sh'd be mad. I'm sure," and the girl tried to appear indifferent.

"Why, he meant to come with you himself didn't he?"

"It makes no difference whether he did or not; he ain't with me," she replied irritably.

The Canadian cast a quick glance at his companion who was sitting by his side; but the girl sat with her head bent down and didn't notice him.

"Sabra," said he after another lengthy pause, "I expect to start for the north in a day or two, Don't you care anything about it?" The girl made no reply, but continued to sit with bowed head.

"You know, Sabra, how I've been feelin' towards you ever since I come here. Can't you give me a little encouragement so's I can come back again next summer?"

No reply and she moved a little away from him.

"Wont you, Sabra? Say, wont you?" pleaded Clair.

"No," in a low tone, moving still farther away.

"Sabra!" and the young man made a movement as if he intended to put his arm around her; but she drew herself farther away from him and cried in a voice of terror:

"Don't do that; O, don't do that!" But he still persisted in the attempt, and she cried out while the tears sprang into her eyes and ran down her cheeks.

"O don't do that! If you don't stop I'll jump off and walk!"

With an expletive that sounded very much like an oath, the young man withdrew his arm, and sat sullen and silent until they reached their destination, when Sabra sprang from her seat and ran hastily into the house.

HOSEA BRAUN

A Romance Of Deerfield Hills, Seventy Years Ago.

The Utica Sunday Tribune - February 20, 1898

Chapter II Feats Of Strength And Skill

It was "raisin" day at Bullard's, and every preparation had been made for the auspicious event. The pumpkin pies were baked and the doughnuts, which the country people called "nutcakes," had received their nut brown color from their bath in the seething lard, the barrel of new cider was placed on tap, cheese was selected, the jug had been replenished from the distillery, and black strap prepared. Black strap, the reader should know, was prepared by mixing equal parts of whiskey and water together and by adding a liberal amount of "West Inje" molasses. These ingredients were then shaken, thus producing a beverage greatly in demand at all public functions among countrymen in those days.

Bullard, assisted by the Canadian, Hosea and two or three neighboring young men, under the leadership of the twin brothers, Joe and Ben, carpenters and joiners, had, during the forenoon, placed the sills of the framework on piers built of boulders; the bents had been placed upon the sills and firmly pinned together; a heavy wooden maul which Joe called a "commander," used for driving the pins that held the frame together, was made; the pike poles were brought out, and at 1 o'clock, when the neighboring men to the number of 25 or 30 had assembled, everything was in readiness for the "raisin."

During these proceedings the Canadian exhibited extraordinary feats of strength. In placing the boulders in position for the foundation, a stone that the best man among them could scarcely move, he had lifted and put in place. And when they were moving the heavy sills, he often carried as much weight as any two of the others. Yet his appearance did not indicate extraordinary strength. He was but little above the common stature, with breadth of shoulders and depth of chest not greatly in excess; but when his muscular development was examined the source of his unusual power was revealed. His features were all quite commonplace except his eyes. Set deep beneath dark, lovel, eyebrows, his steel-blue eyes were a mystery to those who had an opportunity to see them; for he very seldom looked any one in the face when talking. But when by chance one met the steady gaze of his eyes an undefined feeling of apprehension and dread forced itself upon that person. The girls in the neighborhood said that when he looked at them, his eyes made them "feel creepy all over."

Joe was now in his element. He was "upon his native heath." He was commander-in-chief for the occasion. So when he called out in a stentorian voice: "Gentlemen, take right hold here, we're all ready," they came forward to a man, and laid hold the heavy timbers of the first bent to be raised.

"Now, boys, take her right up," cried Joe. "Oh, I thought we were gentlemen," said one dry joker to the comrade at his side.

Joe usually stammered very badly in his ordinary conversation, but on an occasion like the present, he gave his commands without hesitation or halting, and when he called out: "Attention

gentlemen! All together! take her right up." The heavy frame was ended up instantly, breast high. "Right up with her!" Shouted Joe, and up went the frame as high as the men could reach. The shorter pike poles were now seized by a few unengaged men and boys, and their sharp pointed irons were plunged into the beam.

"Now gentlemen," cried Joe. "All ready! H-o-o-o heave!" and the massive timbers mounted upward. "H-o-o-o heave! H-o-o-o heave!" and the bent went steadily upward until it was half way to the perpendicular. The longer pikes were now applied and Joe's musical, long drawn "H-o-o-o heave!" rang out and the bent was elevated upright on the sills, the statly lathe long stout boards, were now nailed to the sill at one end, and to the post at the other, and the bent was made secure from falling. "Now, boys, we'll just wet our whistles," said Joe, "and then we'll up with another."

"Why I thought we were gentlemen," said the dry joker. "I don't see how we can ever raise this beam if we are only boys."

But Joe only "haw-hawed" and proceeded to sample liberally, and then the jug was passed around among the others. Two more bents were soon placed in their proper places in the frame, the girts and braces were inserted and the pins were driven in with the "commander." "Now, gentlemen," said Joe, "we'll take a nip and then up with the last one." The nip was taken and the men sauntered leisurely back to their task.

"Take right hold of her, gentlemen!" said Joe as soon as they had gathered in their proper places. "Now right up with her boys!" But by this time the "boys" had become somewhat hilarious and talkative, from the potations they had taken. So a number of them called out in reply: "Joe, we were gentlemen just now. What's the matter that we ain't gentlemen now? We can't never raise this barn unless we are called boys," cried Joe, with aately sung out: "Take her up with her!" and the huge hilarity of the men was on and joked among them-task to command their attention at their work. The reach and the pike poles tion. But the men paid little mands and continued to joke the bent made but little

Joe began to get ex- calamity was impending un-speedily brought to obey or-

"Gentlemen," he rang out above all the tumult take right hold! H-o-o-o slowly until it was about half pause. Joe's cry of "right up The bent did not move. The men suddenly grew silent other with apprehension.

and seizing one of the pike poles, pushed with all his might. He yelled "Take right hold, every one of



Old Crary

and began to look at each
Joe rushed among them,

shouted in a voice that
and noise, "all together!
heave!" The bent mounted
way up, and then came a
with her!" did not avail.

and began to look at each
Joe rushed among them,

you. now all together." But the heavy timber refused to move upward and began slowly to settle downward.

"Keep her up, gentlemen! Don't let her come down!" cried Joe, and his voice sounded shrill and tremulous. At this perilous moment, when a dire calamity was surely impending, the Canadian, who was engaged with three others at the pikes at the end of the bent, suddenly left his place and dashed to the middle of the bent. Seizing the heavy pike which lay there and which was supposed to require the strength of two men to lift, he, by a mighty effort, elevated it and plunged the sharp iron into the beam. Then bracing his feet firmly on the ground he put forth all his strength. The bent ceased to fall. "H-o-o-o heave!" But there was no movement upwards. A crash seemed inevitable, when Hosea sprang at a bound to the Canadian's side, and grasped the pike. "H-o-o-o heave!" The two young men, rivals, yet brothers in the moment of peril, lifted with all their strength-lifted till, as they afterward said, they "saw stars," and the massive timber moved upward. "Now she goes! heave o-o-o heave!" cried Joe and soon the great bent was past the line of greatest resistance.

"Steady now, gentlemen, steady! Some of you step around and hold her up on to 'ther side." And a moment later the big bent was lifted to a perpendicular, the girls and braces were put in place and firmly pinned, and the most difficult part of the raising was accomplished.

"Boys," said Joe, addressing himself to the two young men who had by their promptness prevented a calamity, "boys, you've done nobly. "Gentlemen," addressing the entire assembly, "you've done splendidly."

They now proceeded leisurely to put on the plates and rafters, and the frame work of the structure was finished. The barn was "raised." While this was being done the men had regained their former merriment. Joke and badinage were again indulged in and when the most interesting moment of the day's proceedings arrived, and Sabra, assisted by three or four of the young women of the neighborhood, came out with baskets and pans heaped high with pumpkin pie and nutcakes, flanked by a plentiful supply of cheese and a pail of sweet cider, their hilarity broke out afresh; they cracked jokes upon each other and the girls to their hearts' content.

Sabra and her assistants now proceeded to serve out the good things they had brought, passing them around among the men, the young fellows striving in a crude way to be very gallant and complimentary. Pros, who had come up from the gulf to attend the raising, was conspicuous in this respect; so much so that the girls said afterwards, "he made them sick he was so silly."

In passing about among the men, Sabra finally managed to get near Hosea, who was sitting on one of the sills of the frame. "Come to the house, Hosea, before you go." she said in a low voice. Hosea nodded his head in assent to her request and she passed on to serve others.

By this time some of the younger men and boys had satisfied their appetites and had retired to a smooth grassy plot a little distance, and were engaged in the preliminaries to a trial of strength and skill in wrestling. At that period in the early history of the country, wrestling was the favorite sport of the young men on all public occasions, and the young man who could put his antagonist "upon his back every time," was applauded as the hero of the hour. Four methods of wrestling were in vogue at that time. They had the "rough and tumble, the back hold or "holt," as they called it, the side hold and the Square hold." This last hold was the one decided upon for the coming contest. This hold may be described as follows: The two contestants stood up at arms length, facing each other, each grasped his opponent's coat collar with his right hand and the arm on the opposite side with his left. Thus locked together for the contest, the trial as to who was the better man commenced. Their success depended largely upon their skill in 'tripping.' How this was done was made manifest in the ensuing contest.

The other men, observing what was taking place, soon gathered around them in a circle. The girls retired to the house and watched the contest from the door.

The two young men first to enter the ring were very evenly matched. Both were athletic fellows and possessed a fair amount of skill in the art, and for a few minutes the struggle was spirited and exciting. The spectators watched every movement, but refrained from applause or comment of any kind. The contestants tripped and parried: they gave quick and vigorous jerks upon both collar and elbow. Sometimes one would be suddenly forced upon his knees, but he as quickly regained his feet. Finally one, taking advantage of a careless movement on the part of his antagonist, caught him by his left heel with the toe of his right foot, and with a strong quick jerk upon his collar, brought him lightly to the ground, upon his back. According to the rules adopted for that day, the vanquished had the privilege of calling on any one of the bystanders to continue with his successful rival. As the young fellow arose to his feet he cast his eyes inquiringly around the circle. Seeing the Canadian standing a little in advance of the others, and remembering the remarkable exhibition of strength during the raising of the last bent, the young man called Clair to continue the contest.

Clair, with a bold, confident air, immediately stepped forward and seized his opponent by the collar. A wonderful and unusual conflict ensued. The Canadian exerting his tremendous strength to the upmost, swung and jerked his opponent round and round. He twisted him in every conceivable way, but it was soon evident that Clair was entirely without skill, and that he depended wholly upon brute force for success in the contest. But the young man baffled for a long time his most strenuous efforts. Clair was strong, wiry and as limber as a cat, and threw him around as much as he choose, but he always came down upon his feet. At length his strength seemed to fail. He was breathing hard and fast, and the Canadian, seeing the advantage this gave him, suddenly jerked the young fellow forward, and as suddenly pushed him backward, and they both fell to the ground, the Canadian uppermost. The young man was considerably shaken up by the fall, but not seriously injured, and he instantly rose to his feet and cast his eyes about in quest of a successor. Seeing Pros standing close by and observing a broad grin upon his face, he said: "come, Pros, step in and flop him for me."

But Pros hesitated. The Canadian had proven himself a formidable antagonist, and he was afraid of him. "Penuk!" called out a young fellow, who stood a little way in the rear of the ring, and "penuk! penuk!" was the immediate response from a number of others.

This was more than Pros could endure; so he reluctantly stepped into the ring and laid hold of the collar of his antagonist's coat. Pros stood at least a half a head taller than his adversary, and exceeded him in weight by at least 30 pounds. But notwithstanding all three advantages, the Canadian made short work with him. He pushed him and twisted him, he pulled him forward and backward, he thrashed him around here and there and in a minute had him on his back upon the ground.

Hosea had been watching the last two contests with the closest attention. He seemed to be studying the Canadian's movements especially, and when Pros arose to his feet, chagrined and crest fallen, Hosea was the first man his eyes encountered. "Come, Hosea," said Pros, "come in and down this fellow."

Hosea came forward reluctantly. He said he didn't want to wrestle and had rather Pros would choose somebody else. But Pros replied that he was just the man he wanted, and Hosea stepped forward and took hold of the Canadian. It could be seen at once that Hosea was no novice in wrestling. He was very particular to seize his opponent's collar in precisely the right place, and he did not take hold of his arm as the others had done, but grasped the sleeve of his coat at the elbow. And when the signal was given, and the contest commenced, he did not resist the Canadian's tremendous efforts, but danced and skipped around him in every direction. The Canadian seemed utterly bewil-

dered by these movements. Jerk and swing as he would, Hosea offered no resistance. He put forth all his strength, but the result was always the same until finally, losing his temper and thrown entirely off his guard, he gave a tremendous swing and lost his balance. Quick as a flash Hosea hooked his right toe around the Canadian's left heel, and down he came with a thud upon the ground, flat on his back.

Hosea immediately stepped back outside the ring. The Canadian leaped to his feet, fury flashing from his eyes. "That wasn't fair!" cried he, "I'll try that over again!"

"No said Hosea, "I don't want to wrestle any more. You'll git mad."

"No I won't," replied the other, suppressing all outward exhibition of feelings, as far as he could.

"Well, I don't want to wrestle any more anyway," replied Hosea.

"Penuk, penuk," called the young fellows from the crowd.

Crary, who stood quite near Hosea whispered: "Take hold of him Hosee, you can down him again. Toe and heel, Hozee, give him toe and heel. Don't let him jerk you around again, but down him right off." Hosea still hesitated, "He'll get mad," said he.

"Dumit! Let him git mad then if he wants to! Old Crary is here if he does git mad."

At this moment the Canadian looked toward the house and saw the girls standing in the door, evidently greatly interested in the proceeding. The sight seemed to rouse him to new fury and he approached Hosea and said in a voice of rage. "Come in here and try that over! It wa'nt fair! You can't do it again!"

"Don't penuk, Hosea," said Pros. Thus urged, Hosea stepped into the ring again and the second trial commenced. But this time Hosea did not act on the defensive but assumed the aggressive at once: and when the Canadian, putting forth all the strength of his massive arms, attempted to swing him round, like a flash Hosea's left foot struck the inside of the Canadian's right foot, accompanied by a quick strong jerk upon his coat collar, thus spoiling his equilibrium, and before he could recover, Hosea caught him around the heel as he had done before and brought him to the ground with a thud.

The Canadian arose to his feet with a diabolical grin on his face.

"That's all right Braun," said he, "I give it up."

The contest was now over for the day, and the men began to disperse to their homes. but many comments were made, especially as to the wonderful skill displayed by Hosea. Crary was in great glee. "I know'd it," said he. "I know Hozee, and Hozee can do it every time."

Hosea now proceeded to the house. As he entered the room where Sabra and her mother were at work, the girl said: "Are you going down to the gulf tonight Hosea?" "Yes, I s'pose so. Why?"

"O, nothin, only I thought I'd go down with you."

"Why, Sabra, what makes you go to-night?" said her mother.

"Why, I've got a big day's work to do for Lydda, and I want to be there early, so as to finish it all up to-morrow.

"Well then Hosea, stay till after supper."

The Canadian did not appear at the supper table. After a few desultory remarks about the raising and the subsequent wrestling match, Mrs. Bullard inquired of her husband if Clair "got mad" when Hosea threw him.

"Wal, he did git kinder riled," he replied, "but I guess he'll git over it."

Sabra glanced at her young lover across the table and a gleam of pride illuminated her black eyes.

HOSEA BRAUN

A Romance Of Deerfield Hills, Seventy Years Ago.

The Utica Sunday Tribune - February 27, 1898

Chapter III Under The Stars

The waning moon was just peeping over the tree tops when the two young people started on their walk to the gulf. They both seemed to be under considerable restraint, and walked with quite a space between them.

"I didn't know that you could do such things," said Sabra at length, glancing up at her companion.

"What things, Sabra?" "Why, throwin' Clair when he'd beat all the rest. Why didn't I hear that you could do it before?"

"Oh, that's nothin". Somebody gets throw'd every time there's a match; and I don't say much about it when I wrastle. Besides; it ain't much of a trick to throw such a lubber as Canuck, anyway."

"Oh, Hosea! father says he's the stoutest man he ever know'd."

"He's stout enough, that's certain Sabra, but you know I'm no chicken when it comes to strength, but he don't know nothin' about wrastlin." Hosea spoke a little bitterly, for he thought that Sabra had been favoring the Canadian.

"Well I think it's nice anyway," said Sabra. "What's nice," inquired the other. "Why, to be strong and do such things." She glanced at him shyly, but Hosea could see by the light of the moon the admiration that shone in her dark eyes, and he drew a little nearer to her. They soon arrived at the rude stile that led over the fence where the path ran through Foot's meadow. Hosea assisted the girl to the top of the style where they both sat down. The touch of her soft, warm hand seemed to thrill him, and he felt that his doubts and misgivings were fast departing from his breast. "Sabra." "What is it Hosea?" "You don't care anything for the Canuck do you?"

"No, Hosea, you know I don't. Do you think I do?"

"Well, Sabra, to tell the truth I have been thinkin' so. But I don't think I do now." "What made you think so Hosea?" sighing.

"Oh, things they say," he replied. "Do they say things now Hosea?" with a great sob in her voice.

"Why, Sabra! Don't feel bad! I don't care what they say dear," and he placed his arm around her waist and drew her gently to his side.

They sat a few minutes in silence, her bosom heaving and tears flowing from her eyes. Then he said: "Come Sabra, let's go now," and he lifted her down from the stile. They proceeded along the path until they came to some apple trees that threw their shadows along the path, when the girl's emotions seemed to entirely overcome her and she fell sobbing into his arms. "Oh; Hosea, you don't believe what they say do you?" she cried, "Tell me that you don't believe it! Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do!"

The young man seemed to hesitate, and the girl, throwing her arms around his neck and looking into

his eyes exclaimed in anguished tones, "Speak to me Hosea! Tell me that you don't believe it!"

"I don't believe it, Sabra! I won't believe it! You shall be my wife in spite of them all if you will marry me."

"When Hosea?" "To-morrow if you wish, I would say to-night if we could."

The girl's clinging arms were about his neck. Her pure young breath fanned his cheek. Her dark eyes were gazing into his with an unutterable expression of love. The soft beams of the moon fell in silvery rays around them, and the stars faintly shone in the blue vault of the night. The air was balmy, and hush seemed to have fallen like a mantle enwrapping the scene in repose.

"Sabra?" "what is it, Hosea?" "Shall we go now, dear?"

They went down the hill into the gulf. But few words were passed between them. Hosea held the girl tenderly by his side, intending by the pressure of his arm to reassure her, and quiet the tumult in her soul. When they arrived at the bottom of the hill where the road divides, one branch leading past the saw mill and Braun's house, the other to the distillery and the grist mill, Sabra said: "Don't let's go to the house now. It isn't late and I don't want to go in just yet."

"Where do you want to go to, Sabra?" "Let's walk over as far as the grist mill." They proceeded along the road in the direction of the grist mill until they came to a little bridge which spanned a narrow waste waterway. Upon each end of the planks of the bridge were placed short heavy timbers to serve as guards. They sat down upon one of these, their faces turned toward the creek, which rippled by almost at their feet. Just opposite where they sat, on the other side of the stream, was a curious formation of slate rock or shale, which was a verticle miniature promontory. It projected itself out into the course of the stream from the side of the ravine, some fifty or sixty feet with an elevation thirty or bed of the stream. The sides top narrow and covered with gazing at this singular for-silence, Sabra said: "How came, there Hosea?" "Why, water wearin' away the slate great deal of water ran down

"Was you ever up been up there a good many d'you get there? Can you can't climb up the side. I there, and up around through came down on the ridge

"How far d'you "O, almost out to the end, and 'tisn't safe," he replied. there." "'Tisn't safe for you the night." "But I want to I'm sure "twill be safe with me." "Well, dear, we'll

So they went on past little bridge at the foot of the up out of the gulf toward the east, and up across the hillside pasture. Coming down to where the



The Promontory

thirty-five feet above the were precipitous and the "loose shale". After mation for some time in d'you suppose that ridge I s'pose it was made by the rock. Some time or other a through this gulf." there Hosea?" "Yes, I've times." he replied. "How climb up the side?" "No, I went over the bridge over the hillside pasture, and from there." come out?" she asked. but it's very narrow there "I should like to go up to go there, especially in go there to-night, Hosea. enough for me if you are go then." he replied.

Comb's house, and over the hill where the road leads

promontory projects out from the side of the ravine, they went out about half its length where the top was only about three feet across. Here they paused, and Hosea said: "We hadn't better go out any further now, it isn't safe." "Why, you said you'd been almost out to the end Hosea." "Yes, I have. I've been out where it's only two feet wide on top; but I was alone and it was in the day time," he replied.

"Let's go out a little further. I'd like to go out as far as you did." They walked out two or three yards further, when Hosea drew the girl back a little and said. There Sabra, it won't do to go any further, you might fall off. We'll set down here a little while and then go back."

They sat down on the loose shale that covered the summit of the ridge. After a moment's silence the girl said: "I should like to go out clear to the end Hosea." Their feet were hanging over the verge of the ridge and Hosea kicked some of the loose shale away so that it went rattling down upon the slate rock at the bottom. "Hear that Sabra," said he, "If you went out any further you might fall off; and think what would happen to you when you struck on the rocks down there."

After a moment's silence as if contemplating such a catastrophe, Sabra said: "You promised me Hosea when we were under the apple trees in Foote's meadow, that you'd marry me the day after to-morrow." "Yes dear." "And you will." "Yes, dear. We will go down to the village and stop at the corners, and Squire Rowe can marry us." "Oh no, not Squire Rowe! I shouldn't feel as if I was married at all if that man did it. I want a minister to do it."

"Well, Sabra, we'll have a minister then; but I don't b'lieve it makes any difference who marries us." "Oh yes it does." "No Sabra, I don't believe that anybody, by saying over a lot of words and prayers, and tellin' us to take hold of hands, and sayin' we are man and wife, can marry us any more than we are married now, nor half as much. I don't believe anybody can separate our hearts. Nobody joined them together. You and I dear only can do it." "Hosea, I want a minister to marry us," said the girl with tears in her voice. "There Sabra, don't worry. You shall have a minister dear," he replied.

They sat for a long time in silence, each seeming to be deeply absorbed in thoughts. The moon was now well up above the tree tops and its soft light, falling upon the east side of the ridge cast the western side, in which the direction their faces were turned, into deep obscurity. At length Hosea rose to his feet. Taking the girl by the hand to assist her he said: "Come Sabra, we ought to be goin." The girl stood up and placed his arm around her. As they stood gazing down into the obscurity at their feet she said: "If we should both fall off into the rocks down there, and should, she hesitated. should die both of us, it wouldn't be so very bad would it Hosea? We should be together then. "No," he replied. "it wouldn't be so very bad; but why do you say such things Sabra?" "Oh, I was thinkin," she replied. Then she continued, "nobody could come between us then and say things to make you think that I am a----hesitating----"that I ain't true to you: and say things to make me feel bad and cry and wish I was dead." "No, they couldn't. But what makes you talk so?" The girl made no reply to the question, but proceeded as if following out a train of thought. "I'd as like fall down there as not. Wouldn't you Hosea?" "No, Sabra," he replied, "I don't want to fall down there. I want to live to keep folks from saying things about you, to plague you. I mean to take care of you and stand up for you against the whole lot of them if I have to: and now we'd better go to the house. It's gettin late."

But still she hesitated, seeming reluctant to go. She leaned heavily out towards the brink of the precipice. The young man drew her close to his side. "No, no, Sabra! you mustn't do that; you'll fall off!" and he drew her carefully back from the ridge and they soon crossed the bridge at the foot of the hill. But Sabra cast many a look in the direction of the promontory as if regretting some thwarted purpose----some unaccomplished design.

HOSEA BRAUN

A Romance Of Deerfield Hills, Seventy Years Ago.

The Utica Sunday Tribune - February 27, 1898

Chapter IV A Warning

"Hosea," said George the next morning at breakfast. "I've got to go to the village to-day, and I wish you'd 'tend the mill while I'm gone. I'll get back as quick as I can, but I've got a good deal to do and it may take me all day. I wish you'd keep the mill going right along as we're a little behind on Bullard's sawin' and he'll want his boards now as fast as he can draw them." "Why, yea, I'll 'tend the mill till you get back."

"Well, then, I'll start along soon's I can get ready," and a few minutes later George was driving old "Browny" up the hill on his way to the village.

Hosea made the saw jump that day and when Mr. Bullard's team arrived at the mill about noon he had a large load of boards ready. The Canadian who drove the team was very affable to Hosea. Not a trace of anger or irritability appeared upon his countenance. When he had loaded up his wagon and was about to drive away he said: "Crary is goin' to have a huskin' bee to-night. He came over this mornin' and told us, and said he wanted you to come."

"I'd know as I can. George has gone away and I'll have to tend the mill till he gets back. Tell Crary if you see him I'll come if I can," replied Hosea, and he returned to the mill and resumed his work.

About 3 o'clock that afternoon a dog came up from the direction of the carding mill and created quite a sensation. He was a strange dog, and when near the Andrew's house he stopped in the road, and looking toward Braun's house, began to howl. Soon Lydda and Sabra appeared at the door, and Hosea shut off the water from the wheel and stepped out to investigate. "What makes him howl so?" called out Sabra. "I spose he's lost," he answered. "No," said Lydda, "he ain't lost. it's a warnin; something dreadful is goin' to happen some of us, for he pints his nose right toward this house." "O, sho!" said Hosea. "Don't say that Hosea Braun!" said Lydda. "I tell you it's a solemn warnin' for some of us, and you'd better be careful of yourself, for it may be for you."

The dog continued to howl, and Hosea turned to go into the mill again, when Lydda called to him. "I do wish you'd be careful, Hosea. Don't sit on the log in front of the saw; and be careful when you roll in the logs." "I'll be very careful Lydda," he replied. His respect for his brother's wife was so great that it extended even to her superstitions.

"Why don't you drive the miserable cur away Hosea?" said Sabra. "No, don't do that, it won't do any good, and may make it worse. It's unlucky to drive them away when they're howlin'," said Lydda.

The two women now re-entered the house and Hosea started up his mill again, but the dog continued to howl. He howled until he had finished his "warnin" and then ran up the steep acclivity of the gulf into the woods and disappeared.

About sunset Mr. Bullard came after a load of boards. He said his wife was not feeling very

well and wanted Sabra to come up home with him. Hearing this Hosea took the opportunity while Mr Bullard was loading his wagon, to slip up to the house. "Are you goin' to the huskin' Sabra?" said he. "Not unless you go, Hosea." "Well then, I'll come up if George gets back in time. If I don't come you won't go will you Sabra?" "No, dear, I won't," she replied, looking up into his eyes. As Lydda was not present he snatched a kiss from her ruby lips and ran back to the mill.

George returned soon after Bullard's departure and as soon as he entered the house Lydda said: "A dreadful thing happened here this afternoon George." "What was it Lydda?" "Why, we've been warned George and something dreadful is goin' to happen to some of us." "Why, Lydda what are you talkin' about? What is it that's goin' to hurt us?" "A dog came down by the Andrews house; he was a strange dog too, George, and he pintaed his nose right at our house and he howled and howled ever so long. Oh, how he did howl and that's is a warnin' George." "Oh, sho, Lydda, the dog didn't hurt the house."

"Don't say that George Braun! I don't want you to say that. I know its a warnin'. Only last week Miss Warner came down to the cardin' mill with her flannel to be colored and pressed, that she wove herself, to make a gown of, and she told me that last fall the day before poor Davidson was killed at Westman's wood bee, that a strange dog came and stood at Westman's little gate down by the road, and howled and howled ever so long. And she heard it, and thought it was a warnin' for her, as she want feelin' very well; it was just before her last baby was born. And she said she told her folks that she knew it was a warnin' for her. But when the tree fell on poor Davidson the next day and killed him, she said she knew it wasn't ment for her, but she knows it's a warnin' whenever it happens' just the same."

"Why, Lydda! I don't believe the dog knows anything about it." "I do George, and I wan't you to be careful when you are in the saw mill. Don't set on the log before the saw George, and be careful when you roll in the logs, and don't let the boys ride on the carriage, nor go down into the furnace when your castin', nor near the water wheel. I feel awful about it George, and I do want you to be careful. Do George, for my sake be careful. "This last appeal was more than George's logic could resist, and he soberly and solemnly promised to take all possible measures to prevent the impending calamity.

HOSEA BRAUN

A Romance Of Deerfield Hills, Seventy Years Ago.

The Utica Sunday Tribune - March 6, 1898

Chapter V An Altercation

It was nearly 8 o'clock when Sabra and Hosea entered the barn where the young people of the neighborhood had assembled, to assist Farmer Crary to husk out his corn. They were gathered in the threshing floor, a middle compartment of the barn, which was about 12 feet wide, and extended from the front to the rear about 30 feet, and was situated between the bay on one side, and the stalls for the horses and cattle on the other. The place was fairly lighted by five or six lanterns hung about on convenient nails, supplemented by as many tallow candles, placed in improvised candle-sticks. When the two young people entered the barn, the process of husking had been going on for more than an hour, and there was a large pile of the golden ears lying on the far end of the floor. The huskers were seated along one side, in pairs, on corn shocks that had been husked, and the new comers could only find sitting room near the entrance door.

"Hello Hose," called a young fellow from the rear of the line of huskers, "where you been all this time? Why didn't you come before?" "I know," said another, "he's been out spoonin' with Sabra!"

"Oh, you git out Len," said the first speaker, "he haint neither. Hosea don't spoon. He drinks his milk out of the pan!" and an uproarious laugh from the whole company greeted this witty sally. Somewhat annoyed by this badinage, the young couple seated themselves upon a bundle of corn-stalks and fell to work. Crary soon came, bringing a basket to receive the corn as it was husked.

"Don't mind them, he whispered, "they're only in fun." But the joking continued amid a babel of voices and mirth and hilarity were rampant for a half hour. Then one of the girls called upon Hosea to sing. "Come Hosea," said she, "sing a love song."

Hosea replied that he couldn't sing. Said he'd no more tune in his makeup than a saw log. "Well, tell a love story then," she said. "He can't," said another. "He's told all the love stories he knows."

The Canadian, who was setting at the side of a young girl whom he called Susie, a little distance from Hosea and Sabra had taken no part in the conversation; but the girl giggled at everything that he said to her. She seemed pleased at the idea that she had a beau, and giggled constantly.

Some one called out, "Sing us a song, Nancy Tolls." "Oh do Nancy; oh, do," came in chorus from every part of the place. Nancy was in no wise diffident, and signified her willingness to comply with the request she possessed a powerful contralto voice, entirely uncultivated, but sympathetic and rich in tone. What shall I sing?" She inquired." "Sing Annie Laurie' Nancy," came from a dozen young voices.

Soon the tender words of "Annie Laurie," were borne on the sweet, strong voice of the singer, now swelling upward and anon dying away almost to a whisper, fell upon their listening ears, and thrilled their young hearts; and many hands were surreptitiously clasped in other hands, and when

the voice died away at last, a hush seemed to have fallen upon the entire company.

At this moment, when gentle and subdued sentiments seemed to pervade all their hearts, the Canadian stripped the husk from an ear of corn he held in his hand, and the rich garnet color of the first red ear found that evening was exhibited to the eyes of all present. The rule of the husking bee was, that the finder of the first red ear could give it to anyone of the opposite sex present and demand a forfeit; usually a kiss; and a common custom required that he or she should present it to the one they were paired with that evening.

The young girl who sat by the Canadian giggled and pursed up her mouth in expectancy, but Clair disregarded all her demonstrations of a willingness to pay the forfeit and bending forward laid the red ear in Sabra's lap.

Startled by this procedure, Sabra looked up in astonishment. Hosea rose to his feet, his face flushed, and his eyes blazing. He snatched the ear of corn from her lap and raised it in his hand as if about to hurl it at the head of the Canadian.

Sabra caught him hastily by the coat and said in low tones, while her eyes gazed up appealingly into his face: "Set down, Hosea, I want to speak to you."

Hosea immediately complied. He tossed the obnoxious red ear into the basket and sat down by her side. A few whispered words passed between them and they rose and left the barn. The Canadian gave a low, derisive laugh, and the girl at his side pouted.

"Dumit," said Crary, fiercely, "you're always doin somethin' to make trouble, Canuck, I wish you'd take your ugly face back to Canada and never show it here again. I've a good mind to pound you. "Pound your granny, old Crary! you'd better try it on just once!" said Clair, with a grin of derision upon his face.

The company soon broke up, the Canadian accompanying the young girl to her home.

The parting of Hosea and Sabra at her father's door that night was unusually affecting. He seemed loth to leave her. He would take her in his arms and embrace her passionately. Then he quickly, almost rudely, releasing her, he would turn as if to go, only to return again. Finally, as if literally tearing himself away he went reluctantly down the road. Sabra watched him with heaving bosom until he was out of sight. Then she turned and entered the house, but the memory of that parting scene lingered in her heart during all the dark and troubulous days of her subsequent life.

HOSEA BRAUN

A Romance Of Deerfield Hills, Seventy Years Ago.

The Utica Sunday Tribune - March 6, 1898

Chapter VI The Sequel To The Warning

The next morning dawned dark and gloomy. The sun struggled vainly to penetrate the thick vaporous clouds that seemed to hang dark and portentous over the gulf. But unmindful of this, George was up at an early hour, bustling about as usual.

Going down to the mill where Hosea was at work, he said: "Hosea, I wish you'd go up back of the grist mill and cut that tree I show'd you the other day. I want it ready to haul to the mill the first snow. I wish you'd cut one twelve-foot log from the butt and the other eight or ten feet, or as long as you can get it without knots or limbs. But don't hurry. Take your time."

Soon after Hosea was seen with his ax on his shoulder, walking leisurely toward the grist mill. As he passed the distillery a young man who was employed there was standing in the door. "Come in, Hosea," he said: "I've got something to show you." Hosea went in, and the young man took a small pitcher, which held about half a pint, from the shelf which he handed to Hosea saying: "Taste of that."

Hosea took a nip. "That's good, Theodore," said he. "Well, if you've got your bottle I'll give you some of it," said Theodore.

The bottle was produced and Theodore poured about half the contents of the pitcher into it, and Hosea returned it to his pocket. He then took up his ax and went up past the grist mill. The miller saw him passing and said: "Where are you going' Hosea?"

"Oh, I'm goin' up back of the mill to chop," and on he went, up over the flume that conducted the water to the grist wheel, on up through the hillside pasture until he reached the woods where he was to labor. Peeling off his coat he hung it on a limb of a beach tree. There were several small branches that grew out nearly horizontally from the body of this tree, some four feet from the ground, and it was upon one of these that Hosea hung his coat. Next he removed his cravat and hung that upon the limb.

The young men of that period wore cravats, formed by folding a thin silken handkerchief, about three-quarters of a yard square. They folded it corner-wise until it was of a suitable width, and placing the middle at the neck in front, they passed it around, crossing it behind. Bringing the ends forward again, it was tied in what was called a "Square knot."

Having divested himself of his superfluous clothing, Hosea swung his ax with such force and precision that the huge maple which had been selected, soon came crashing down to the ground. Then proceeding to measure the required length for the first log, he mounted the prostrate tree and soon had the log ready to be drawn to the mill. The second log was likewise cut off and he sat down to rest. He drew out his watch which indicated the hour of 11. "Well," thought he, "I can't finish the job before dinner, and I may as well rest awhile." When he rose, to resume his labors, he happened to cast his eyes down into the little ravine which ran down on the east side, and he saw the Canadian

coming up with a gun in his hand.

"Hello Braun," said he, as he drew near, "have you seen any partridge around here this morning?"

"No," replied Hosea, "I hain't seen any here to-day, but there were some here a few days ago."

"I was along here the day of the squirrel hunt," replied the Canadian, "and I see six or eight. I promised Mrs. Bullard some, and I thought I'd try these fellows to-day."

He sat down on one of the logs, and drawing his handkerchief from his pocket, removed his hat, and wiped his forehead. "Braun," said he at length. "I am glad I happened to meet you here to-day, I'm goin' to start for the north in the mornin'. There's been a feelin' between us, and I should like to drink and shake hands and forget and forgive, and part as friends."

"I'm willin', I don't hold no grudge," replied Hosea, who seemed touched by this frankly expressed desire for a reconciliation and then he seated himself on the log near the other.

"Well, then, I'm glad to hear you say so, and of course it's my treat." Saying this, he drew from his pocket a small flat bottle, the exact counterpart of the one Hosea carried, and held it toward him.

"It's some Mrs. Bullard put up for me jest before I started and I 'spect it's good."

Hosea took the bottle in his hand and drank moderately of its contents.

"It tastes queer," said he, "tastes as if she'd put in burnt molasses, kinder bitter."

"Does it," said the other, "I hadn't noticed anything."

"Let me show you somethin' that's fine," said Hosea, going to his coat. "here's somethin'" he continued as he took the bottle from the pocket, "that'll make your mouth water to think of it. Just try that."

The Canadian took the bottle in his hand and removing the cork, smelled of the contents.

"O, drink some," said Hosea, "I drank out of your'n and you must drink out of mine; that's fair."

The Ca-
the bottle to his
evident that he

"That's
"where'd you
"Theodore gave
morning when I
still."

After a
Canadian said:
goin' to do with

"T h e
comes we'll
to the mill and
plank and

nadian placed
lips but was
drank but little.
good," said he,
get it?"
it to me this
come past the

pause the
"What are you
these logs?"
first snow it
haul them down
saw them into
scantlin'.



Braun's house

George wants them for some machinery he is goin' to make next summer, and he wants to season the timber before he uses it."

"How d'you get along with Bullard's job?" said the other.

"O we get along pretty well. we'll have it all done on time, I guess."

"Yes season logs will be better this fall."

"Yes, all we can do; and there'll be a lot more hauled in as soon as snow comes."

Hosea paused abruptly. He placed his hand to his forehead and seemed bewildered.

"Your stuff must be awful strong," said he, "It seems to fly right into my head."

"O that's nothin,'" replied, the Canadian. It's because your stomach's empty. You'll get over it in a minute."

But Hosea did not get over it. His head felt strange, and he could scarcely see. The Canadian watched him furtively. Hosea rose and walked with unsteady steps to where his coat was hanging and proceeded to put his bottle in his pocket: but his hands were trembling and it was with great difficulty that he replaced it.

The Canadian still watched every movement he made, with the gleam of a basilisk in his eyes.

Hosea turned round as if to return; swayed backward and forward for a moment, and finally settled backward against the tree and began to slip slowly down until he sat upon the ground, his head drooping forward upon his breast.

Snatching his gun from its resting place against the fallen tree, the Canadian ran towards the steep acclivity that led to the narrow table land above. With a white, drawn face he glanced backward over his shoulder, and saw a still, motionless form, with bowed head and drooping arms, seemingly kneeling beneath the low branches of the beech tree. The sight seemed to strike terror to his soul, and bounding forward, he scrambled up the steep ascent as though the exorable avenger of blood was at his heels. Reaching the summit, he dashed across, through bushes that lashed and stung his face, and briars that lacerated his hands and caught at his clothing as if to detain him. The voice of the avenger seemed crying in his ears as he crashed down the western declivity, through the thick, almost impenetrable undergrowth that covered the ground, the interwoven branches catching at his legs and tripping his feet. Downward he crashed, slipping, stumbling and sliding, until he reached the channel of the little rivulet that flows and ripples among the boulders at the bottom of the ravine. Turning sharply toward the north he ran up the ravine. His breath came in hurried gasps. His heart beat tumultuously, his temples throbbed and he felt as if he should fall, but the voice of the avenger still rang in his soul, and on, on he dashed with renewed impetus. On, on, stumbling and slipping over the boulders or bruising and battering his legs against the fallen trees that lay across the course of his flight. Over one of these he stumbled, falling headlong upon his gun, breaking the lock and bending the barrel, but heedless of all this he was instantly upon his feet again, and snatching his broken gun he bounded forward. On, on, over the log bridge which filled the ravine where the northern stage road crossed it, clambering, climbing, perspiring, as he went as if fleeing from impending destruction or urged onward by some malign power. But soon the depth of the ravine began the decrease and finally it disappeared on the top of the hill, where in a small recently cleared opening in the woods there were numerous piles of wood and brush. Approaching one of the latter which was larger than the others he threw himself upon it face downward, where he lay for half an hour. Then he rose and removed some of the brush from the side of the pile disclosing a cavity from which he took a large bundle tied up in an ample handkerchief. Thrusting his broken gun deeply into the brush heap he replaced the brush he had removed. Then he cut from a branch a stout walking stick and thrusting it through where his bundle was knotted together shouldered it and walked away rapidly through the woods toward the north.

HOSEA BRAUN

A Romance Of Deerfield Hills, Seventy Years Ago.

The Utica Sunday Tribune - March 13, 1898

Chapter VII Conclusion

It was noon. Lydda had been preparing dinner and it was all ready to be placed upon the table. The two boys came clattering in, demanding their dinner, and Lydda, preoccupied by thoughts of the warning of the previous day, gave it to them at once, contrary to her usual custom, and they had hurriedly eaten it and gone out again. Every five minutes she would consult the clock, and as often go to the window and look out along the road in the direction of the grist mill. At half-past twelve she could endure the suspense no longer. Hosea had not returned from his work, and as he was always prompt to come to dinner, she knew that something had happened to him. She looked out of the door towards the mill.

"George! George!"

The mill was clattering and George was busy and did not hear her.

"George! George!"

George paused in his work and looked around. Seeing Lydda standing in the door he came out of the mill and called: "What's wanted, Lydda?"

"I want you, George."

"Well, just as soon as I saw through this cut, I'll come!"

"Come now George, I want you now."

He shut off the water from the wheel and hurried up to the house. "What's the matter, Lydda?" said he.

"O, George, it's half-past twelve and Hosea hasn't come, and I know something dreadful has happened to him. Ever since that dog howled I've felt awful bad and I want you to go up and look for him."

"Why, Lydda--"

"Don't say that, George. Do go and hunt him up."

"Why Lydda he hain't lost. He's likely stopped at the grist mill or the still to talk with Theodore; or met somebody in the road. He'll be along in a few minutes."

"No he won't. He ain't at the mill or the still or talkin' in the road. A tree has fell on him or he has cut himself and is bleedin', and I want you to go and find him."

She paused a moment, but seeing that George was still disposed to hesitate, she burst out;

"George Braun, do for my sake, go and find him!"

"Why, Lydda. I'll go, of course, if you feel so about it." And he slipped on his coat and hat and hastily left the house. He hurried along the road as far as the distillery.

"Have you seen Hosea?"

"Not since mornin'," answered Theodore, who looked out of the door. "He stopped here a minute when he went by this mornin'."

George hurried on to the grist mill, where Crary and two of his neighbors were waiting for their grists. To his hasty inquiry the same answer was given by the miller.

"Not since mornin'. He went by here with his ax and said he was goin' up behind the mill to chop."

George hastened on up past the mill. Crary wondered what the matter was and said "he'd a good mind to foller and see."

George went up over the flume across the hillside pasture until half way up, when he paused to listen. No sound of the ax could he hear. Hastening forward more rapidly, he soon came in view of the fallen tree. Yes, Hosea had been there for the tree had been cut down and the two logs were cut off ready to be hauled to the mill. Ah, yes, and there's his coat hanging on that limb. But where is Hosea? What! What! Hosea on his knees there close to the tree? Praying? Poor fellow must be in great trouble! George would wait until he had finished his prayer. But why is he so still? He don't move, and how his head is bowed down! How limp and useless his arms, hang down. George again stepped forward and saw that the cravat that Hosea wore was knotted around a limb of the tree just above his head, and horror! The other end was looped around his neck, and he was hanging from the limb with his legs under him, and his knees almost touching the ground. A cry of anguish burst his lips and George sprang forward and threw his left arm around him. Putting forth all his strength he lifted him up and strove with shaking hands to untie the hard knots that bound the cravat to the limb; but all his efforts were in vain. Feeling that his strength was fast failing him, he hastily took his knife from his pocket and opening it with his teeth he severed the cravat with one stroke of the sharp blade. Laying his brother tenderly upon the ground he hastily removed the remains of the cravat from around his neck and tore open his shirt collar, and was about to resort to other means to restore him to consciousness, but the swollen discolored features and staring sightless eyes that met his view told him all too plainly that he was too late--Hosea was dead!

Springing to his feet, George ran with headlong speed down the hill to the grist mill. Bursting in, he breathlessly exclaimed: "Come! Come quick! Hosea's dead!" and turned and ran up the

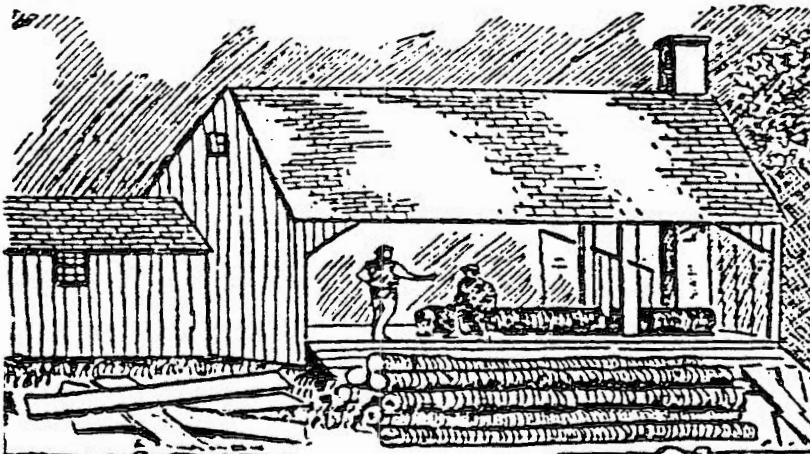
hill again. Crary
neighbors, who
mill, immedi-
Crary leading
down his gate
after. When
breathless and
had spread his
over the face, the
silently down his

"Why!
What's hap-
Hosea? What's
him?"

George

but pointed to the fragment of the cravat that still remained knotted to the limb of the tree. Crary stepped forward and examined it, critically. Suddenly the full significance and meaning of it seemed to flash upon his mind, and with a look of horror upon his face he exclaimed:

"No, no, George! Hosea never done it! I know'd Hosea and he never done it!"



The Saw Mill

and his two
were in the
ately followed,
The miller shut
and followed
Crary came up
panting, George
handkerchief
tears flowing
cheeks.
Why! George!
pened to
the matter with

made no reply

The others now came up and George answered their inquiries in the same manner.

A rude litter was soon made and the body gently lifted and placed upon it: the coat was spread over the face and shoulders and the four men raised it and wended their way down the hill; followed by George carrying the hat and ax.

As they passed the distillery Theodore came out and said: "What's happened. What's the matter with Hosea?"

"Dead," replied one of the men, and Theodore followed the mournful procession to the house.

Lydda made no outcry or other demonstration when the body was borne into her presence. A death-like pallor overspread her features, but she went about her duties, dry-eyed and composed. She was however, now more firm in the belief that the dog had given them a warning than ever before.

The next day the Coroner came, but decided that no inquest was necessary, and the day after, which was Sunday, the neighbors assembled. A good brother who resided in the neighborhood prayed briefly that they might all be delivered from temptation and the power of evil, and they carried the body away to its long resting place on the hill. The young men who had, by their thoughtless conduct, embittered Hosea's last days were present at the funeral. But there were no brutal remarks and no foolish jesting now. They were in a presence that takes out of the most reckless and abandoned all feelings of levity.

Sabra remained secluded in her father's house during the winter that followed. Very few of her former associates ever saw her, though at first they called frequently, and after a time there began to be whisperings and confidential communications in which her name was conspicuous. At length many of the women of her acquaintance began to avoid her; once when in the following summer her baby came, they forsook her utterly. A few genuinely good souls, however, visited her, actuated by the spirit of the Great Exampler, who said:

"Woman, where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?"

"No man, Lord."

"Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more." They visited her and spoke kindly to her, and by their sympathy and helpfulness encouraged her to bear the cross patiently.

A few years afterwards she married a respectable man many years her senior, whose finances were in too meager a condition to afford her an adequate support, and her life passed in regret and seclusion.

When the report of Hosea's demise first spread abroad, a feeling of horror pervaded the entire community. But in time this feeling was supplanted by a sentiment of pity and commiseration for the untimely end of one who had loved so usefully, so quietly and inoffensively among them.

There was but one dissenting opinion as to the circumstances attending his death. Crary never swerved from the belief that "Hosea never done it." But on one occasion only did he even give expression in words to that belief.

In the following spring a farmer who lived about a mile from the old man's place of residence found a bent and fire corroded gun barrel in the ashes of a brush heap he had burned a few days before, while engaged in clearing up some new land. The brush heap had been an unusually large one, and the fire, fed by additional fuel, had burned with intense heat for a long time, and to this fact the farmer had attributed the bent and charred condition of the gun barrel. On learning these facts, Crary went over to inquire into the matter.

Taking the gun barrel in his hands, he inserted his finger into the muzzle as if to determine its

calibre. Then turning it in his hand, he began a careful scrutiny on one side of the breech. He rubbed it with his fingers for a long time, occasionally pausing to examine what he had done. At length, dissatisfied with this method, he took out his knife and carefully scraped the surface of the barrel.

"Ah," said he, "look at that John." D' you see that mark there?" pointing to a small figure of a crown, with Lion and Unicorn rampant. "D'ye ever see that old gun barrel afore?" asked John.

"Yes, I see it, or one jest like it last fall the day of the squirrel hunt. Canuck showed me his gun that day, and it had jest such a mark on the barrel, and the bore was just like this one, and he told me his father gave it to him, and it was made in England. I b'lieve Canuck put his gun in that brush heap the day poor Hosea died," and, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, "Hosea never done it, never!"

The question may perhaps be asked: "what about the gulf? where is it?"-----

The gulf, like the "soil" in one of Grover Cleveland's messages, remains in its place." It is situated about four miles northerly from the city of Utica, and in an integral part of the Deerfield ravine. But it is no longer the gulf of seventy years ago, when the events recorded in this truthful narrative transpired. The grist mill with its flume and adjacent sheds; the distillery, with its numerous attachments of barns and stables for cattle; the sawmill, with its little foundry in the basement; the cooper shop and the carding mill and its cloth dressing department, have long since ceased to be. Not a stone or timber remains as evidence of their former existence.

Only two old dilapidated dwellings remain, and one of these is fit only for a habitation for bats and owls.

The only evidence that Braun's house ever existed is a slight depression in the ground that indicates the place where the cellar was located. Some obscure outlines of embankments, and a few ancient and decaying willows, are all that remains of the saw mill and its pond.

But the promontory where Sabra and Hosea stood that moonlight night in October, she, tempted, struggling, and despairing, and he, striving manfully to stem the tide of adversity that surrounded them, still remains. But the disintegrating force of seventy winters, acting on the soft shale of which it is composed, have worn it away, and reduced its altitude.

But more to be regretted than this is the fact that the hand of man has defaced it, and an unsightly notch destroys the symmetry of its proportions.

Yet the gulf to-day is a romantic place. The scenery is strikingly attractive to a lover of nature in her most unique form. The precipitous walls of shale, the wooded acclivities and the little stream winding about among the boulders or leaping down miniature rapids, form a scene of attractiveness found nowhere else within a radius of five miles of the city. Easily accessible by way of the Trenton Falls road, it is an ideal spot for a summers day's outing.

THE END

Article 1

The Utica Sunday Tribune - October 18, 1908

EARLY ROMANCE IN DEERFIELD ONE OF ENTRANCING INTEREST

Author, Once a Resident of Village, Wove Into Fiction Facts Which Were Historically Correct and Which Prominently Figured in the Early Annals of Utica's Nearby Suburb-Entrancing Story of Love.

About ten years ago a serial novelette was published in the UTICA SUNDAY TRIBUNE, running through five numbers. The author was once a resident of Deerfield, then had settled in Utica, and there died. He was a prolific writer of incidents which had occurred in his neighborhood and had a charming simplicity of style which absorbed the readers attention. A large number of residents in Deerfield and Utica remember the tale of "Hosea Braun" and have expressed their interest concerning the scenes and actors of the romance, which was founded on actual occurrences in Deerfield. The story opens in October, 1828, near the wood market, now Bagg's Square, where loiters Hosea, an ordinary countryman dressed in home-spun woolen garments. After waiting impatiently a half-hour he hears the rumble of a vehicle drawn by a team of steers. The driver, Crary, learning that his friend Hosea is on his way to the gulf, on the hills over the river, gives him a seat beside him. Their progress towards the corners was slow, because heavy rains had so saturated the alluvial soil of the river flats, of which the roadbed was made, that the mud was fetlock deep. At the corners they passed a team of horses attached to a lumber wagon, which were hitched to a post beyond Leland's store. They strove to quickly pass the store, but from its door rushed some noisy young fellows, who shouted out in brutal tones some doggerel lines in derision of Sabrina, Hosea's sweetheart. Crary urged the "stags over the crick"; the sand hills were passed and "Captain Scot's;" and the steers were well on the way up the hill at Northrup's when the rattle of wheels was heard, and shouting and singing, far down in the rear. The refrain of the impromptu verses was. "I wouldn't let a Canuck kiss my girl, I wouldn't let him, would you?" As both of the teams passed through a narrow strip of woods the wagon might have been crowded aside the ox-team, but suddenly the former gave a lurch and a young rioter named Watkins was thrown from the rear, striking his head upon the ground. His companions reckless with drink, still dashed on towards Foot's tavern. Hosea, however, jumped from the ox-cart, lifted into it the unconscious youth, pillow'd him upon some hay and drove rapidly to Foot's tavern. Here the noisy rioters were flocked around the bar, but Deacon Foot was refusing to ladle out any more drink. Hosea remained until the injured youth, under the influence of the deacon's pepper sauce, revived, then he and Crary prepared to drive on towards Hosea's brother's house, where Sabra, the sweetheart, served as domestic. At this moment they were passed by a wagon in which were seated Sabra and the Canadian. Furious at the sight, Hosea rushed into a tavern and gulped down a half glass of liquor, while the startled Crary toyed with the regulation "two fingers."

Then Crary drove away, while Hosea "went down into the gulf with a vibrating brain and a heart aflame with jealousy and doubt of the woman he loved. In conversation with his brother, who at 8 o'clock in the evening was still busy in the mill, Hosea learned that Sabra had long been waiting

for him to come home, nothing having been known at the mill of the accident to the young fellows at the corners, which had delayed Hosea's coming. Hosea still confused with drink, seated himself on a log in front of the saw. His voice was thick, his movements unsteady and he watched the approach of the saw to where he sat upon the log until his fearful brother shut off the water and shut the mill for the night. A glimpse then given of Sabra and the Canadian riding slowly along in the silvery moonlight. He is pleading for a demonstration of her love, but she repels him in a voice of fright, "while the tears sprang into her eyes and ran down her cheeks." She is a simple minded soul, evidently in love with Hosea, but swerving towards his more adroit rival.

Raisin Day at Bullard's

On the morrow was "raisin day" at Bullard's. The day was auspicious: there was a large force of men and no lack of cheer. In addition to pumpkin pies, nut cake and cheese, there was cider and black strap--the latter an indispensable compound of whisky and "West Inje" molasses. During the forenoon the men under the leadership of a carpenter and a joiner, had placed the sills of the framework on piers built of boulders; the bents had been placed upon the sills and firmly pinned together; a heavy wooden maul or beetle called a commander, was made to drive the pins that held the frame together. The Canadian, who had come to the settlement since July and had been working at Bullards's for three weeks had become prominent for feats of strength. In placing the boulders in coalition for the foundation he had lifted a stone that the best man among them could scarcely move. In moving the heavy sills he carried as much weight as any two of the others. To-day, however, when the pike poles were applied to raise the frame, the strength of many of the helpers had weakened under the influence of too much black strap, and the Canadian received inadequate support. Suddenly Hosea sprang to the rival's side and grasped the pike. The two young men, though foes, became brothers in the moment of peril and lifted with all their strength till as they said afterwards "they saw stars" and the massive timbers moved upwards. "Now she goes! Heave o-o-o heave" and the large bent was past the line of greatest resistance and lifted to a perpendicular; the girts and braces were firmly pinned in place, the plates and rafters put on and the framework of the structure finished. Then followed the feasting. Sabra and other maidens sparkled with coquetry; the swains responded with crude flatteries. Among the latter shone Pros Foot a son of the Deacon who to the girls said "made them sick, he was so silly."

An Afternoon of Sports

Then came an afternoon of sports in wrestling. Four methods were in vogue--the rough and tumble, the back hold or bolt, the side hold and the Square hold. In the last which was decided upon for the champion contest, the two wrestlers faced each other at arms length, each grasped his opponent's collar with his right hand and his arm on the opposite side with his left. Thus locked together their success largely depended upon their skill in tripping. They tripped and parried and gave a quick, vigorous jerk upon collar and elbow. The aim was that one should be suddenly forced upon his knee, or else caught by the left heel with the toe of the other's right foot and be brought lightly to the ground upon his back. The chief contestants were Pros Foot, the Canadian and Hosea. Pros had been vanquished by the Canadian, when according to rule Hosea was called on to continue the game. Hosea was a skilled wrestler; the Canadian relied on brute force and was finally brought

to the ground with a thud and lay there vanquished till he arose with a diabolical grin on his face. The maidens at the doorway had been breathlessly watching the combats of their favorite knights. Hosea's friends were in great glee at his prowess. Crary glanced at his young friend with pride. "I know'd it" said he, "I know Hozee and Hozee can do it every time." Sabra also turned to her lover, a gleam of admiration illuminating her black eyes. She suddenly decided to return that night to the mill, provided Hosea would go with her. The two young people started for the gulf as the wanning moon was peeping over the tree tops. On the rude stile that led over the fence where the path ran through Foot's meadow they sat in silence. Although they had agreed that they should be married in a couple days the girl's soul seemed torn with anguish. Hosea strove to quiet her. When they arrived at the bottom of the hill where one branch of the road lead past the sawmill and Braun's house, the other to the distillery and grist mill, they continued their walk till they reached a tiny bridge which spanned a narrow waste waterway. They met upon one of the bridge guards. Opposite, on the other side of the stream was a miniature promontory formed of slate rock or shale. It projected from the side of the ravine some fifty feet, with an elevation thirty feet above the bed of the stream. The sides were precipitous and the top narrow and covered with loose shale. Sabra took a fancy to climb the ridge. Hosea faintly protested but what could he do, the girl's clinging arms were about his neck. Her pure young breath fanned his cheek. Her dark eyes gazed into his with an unutterable expression of love. The moon's soft beams shed its silvery rays and the stars faintly shone in the blue vault of the night. The air was balmy and hush seemed to have fallen like a mantle enwrapping the scene in repose. Hosea continuing, they went on past Comb's house, over the little bridge at the foot of the hill where the road led up out of the gulf towards the east and up across the hillside pasture.

Coming down to the promontory projection they went out about half its length where the top was only about three feet across. They sat down on the loose shale that covered the summit of the ridge, their feet hanging over its verge. Some of the loose shale went rattling down upon the slate rock at the bottom. In the chat that followed Hosea showed his steadfast faith in the girl's honor. She however, was torn within inner conflict and dwelt upon the chance lightly to be regretted of their destruction by a fall from the rocks. They, however, left the dangerous place in safety but Sabra turning cast many a look in the direction of the promontory as if regretting some thwarted purpose.

The Corn Husking at Crary's

The next chapter presents a corn-husking at Crary's. A heap of good natured chaff passes between the rustics. The fickle Sabrina assumes the role of a flirt. The Canadian loiters near her, she giggles at every thing and seems pleased that she had a beau. She has forgotten that a "strange dog came down by the Andrews house, pointed his nose right at Braun's house and howled and howled ever so long and then ran up the steep acclivity of the gulf into the woods." The coming of the strange dog had been regarded as of solemn import. Sabra, however, forgot this and was especially pleased when the Canadian placed a red ear of corn in her lap. Hosea, however, seized the ear to hurl it across his sneering rival's face but friends interposed. After the husking party Hosea has a final encounter with the Canadian who with a gun in hand, claims that he is looking for partridges. Hosea is disposed to be reserved, but a truce is effected by the medium of the convenient bottle. Conjecture as to what occurred now predominates. Perhaps the encounter was not an accidental alone. Perhaps the potion was drugged with narcotic or poison. Hosea complaining of numbness

stealing over him, becomes senseless and is at the mercy of his adversary. Perhaps he was dealt a fell blow with the Canadian's gun which was afterwards found bent with barrel corroded in the ashes of a brush heap. These questions can never be answered. Hosea's coat and cravat were suspended from the branch of a tree with the tie so loosened that the body (it was imagined by some of the neighbors) had slipped from the loose-like cravat down to the ground. At the time there was no suspicion of any one having been present with Hosea and the bent gun was not found till weeks after the burial. No inquest was held. The body was followed by a sincere band of mourners, who knew of Hosea's real worth, to its last resting place on the hill. In course of time the neighbors avoided the society of Sabra. After her baby was born she led a secluded life, eventually marrying a poor man many years her senior. When the gun barrel was found and identified the faithful Crary repeated what he had asserted scores of times previously, "Hosea never did it. never."

Simplicity Adds to Dramatic Tale

The simplicity of the tale adds to its dramatic force. Its air of reality is aided by several simple sketches--Foot's tavern, the grist mill, distillery, Braun's house, the promontory and saw mill. The story thus ends; "The grist mill with its flume and adjacent sheds, the distillery with its barns and cattle stable, the saw mill with its little foundry in the basement, the cooper shop and the carding mill and its cloth dressing establishment, have all long since ceased to be; not a stone or timber remains. Here are two dilapidated dwellings, a slight depression in the ground shows the location of the cellar of Braun's house. Some obscure outlines of embankment and a few ancient and decaying willows are all that remains of the saw mill and its pond. But the little promontory where Sabra and Hosea stood, that moonlight night in October, she tempted, struggling and despairing and he striving manfully to stem the tide of adversity that surrounded them, still remains--although the disintegrating forces of seventy winters acting upon the soft shale of which it is composed have worn it away and reduced its altitude. But more to be regretted than this is the fact that the hand of man has defaced it to an unsightly notch, which destroys the symmetry of its proportions; yet the gulf to-day is a romantic place. The scenery is strikingly attractive to a lover of nature in her most unique form. The precipitous walls of shale, the wooded acclivities and the little stream winding about among the boulders or leaping down in miniature rapids form a scene of attractiveness found nowhere else within a radius of five miles from the city. Easily accessible by the way of the Trenton road, it is an ideal spot for a summer day's outing." Many descendants of the witnesses of the incidents here related are living in Deerfield, Utica and vicinity. They often repeat the tale as heard by them at the family fireside. The place is visited by a large number of strangers, who are unwearied in locating the scenes of the tragedy and in searching out its minutest details.

Article 2

The Utica Sunday Tribune - September 12, 1909

Hamlet Which Once Thrived In Gorge Near Utica - Former Manufacturing Center

Village in Brown's Gulf, called Mechanicsville, contained several industries, when this city was but a small settlement--real's creek furnished power for turning the wheels of prosperous place where farmers throughout wide section were wont to gather--place is now almost forgotten.

It would surprise the average Utican to tell him about three miles from the city a century ago there was a small hamlet hidden in a gulf, yet prosperous and thriving, and that the concentration of business and population has caused this village to disappear. One old ramshackle house and a tumble-down barn remain, the only reminders of what was once considered a settlement of considerable importance. There are hundreds if not thousands of Uticans who have wonderful tales after returning from vacations of what places they have visited, yet only an insignificant percentage of residents of this city know the places of interest, the beautiful scenery and historic spots which are at the very gateway to the city. Go in whatever direction you will there are literally hundreds of places near Utica well worth a visit. Pedestrians and there are a few in Utica who don't mind a ten-mile jaunt, can tell where the majority of the places are to be found, but the average Utican is as ignorant of them as he is of the jungles of Africa. Near Utica are some of the most wonderful geological formations on the American continent, battlefields, where was decided the fate of the infant colonies, century-old homes and panoramas of scenery excelled no where in the world, if those who have spent years in foreign travel may be believed.

Where is Brown's gulf ?

If the ordinary Utican were asked where Brown's gulf is located he doubtless would be unable to tell, just the same as if he were asked where Mechanicsville or Washingtonville are, or rather were. Mechanicsville was more often termed Brown's gulf, from the reason that many persons residing there bore that name. The village, huddled close to the sides of the gully and on either side of Real's Creek, has long since disappeared. The factories have gone and it is only from some of the older residents in that locality that facts regarding the former village may be gleaned.

Brown's gulf is what is now called the Deerfield ravine. To reach the site of the old settlement one must take the Trenton Road from Deerfield Corners and drive about three miles. A road then leads from the main highway to the ravine. The road is none too well cared for and enters the gully by rather precipitous descent. Real's Creek comes tearing down through the ravine at high water times, but the village was situated on a shelf several hundred feet wide and about 30 feet above the water. Ample water, even in the dry season, provided plenty of power to turn the wheels of nearly a dozen industries. During the existence of the village, there was prosperity there. Railroads, the Erie Canal, trolleys and auto-trucks did not run up, down the Mohawk Valley. The farmers took their grain to be ground at Brown's gulf. Some of them left it there with the maister at the distillery. While they were waiting for their horses to be shod or their wagons braced at the foundry they could

inspect the printing press, a small one to be sure, but the first press in the country district about Utica. The old press ground out by hand power the circulars advertising dances at the country hotels which were then a delight, printed posters of auctions and whatever else came to the hands of the printer of Brown's gulf.

Manufactories in settlement

There were about a dozen manufacturing industries in the settlement and in time it was called by some Mechanicsville, though it was better known by its other name. The grist mill there was of no small importance to the farmers living on the well tilled homesteads on the Deerfield hills. One of the old grinding stones can be found half buried in a tangle of underbrush. The foundry was liberally patronized by the farmers. A carding mill furnished employment to about fifty persons. Many sheep grazed thereabouts in those days and homespun garments were quite the thing. The day of the "hand-me-down" had not arrived and mother and the girls cut and fashioned the homely but durable garments of the later decades, and their use correspondingly more common and intemperance the less frequent. A series of dams furnished motive power. Remnants of all except one have disappeared. The foundations and side timbers sank into the rock on the east bank of the creek show where the most northerly dam was situated. Nearby is a peculiar appearing slit through the rocks. This passageway is about thirty feet high and none too wide to allow an adult to pass through. The water in Real's Creek comes pouring through there when the water is high while from the west there comes tumbling another stream to swell the current. The latter flows around the end of a natural buttress, joining Real's Creek below the cleft through the rocks.

Old resident's recollections

An old resident of that locality, himself in the seventies, was asked if he recalled the village. I distinctly," he said. "When I was a young lad there was a village of considerable size there. I recall going there with my father to take grain and wool 'to town.' We didn't think about going to Utica then. The village, I should say, had at least two hundred inhabitants. There were several of the old fashioned over-shot water wheels which furnished power. The man who owned a larger interest in the industries was named Brown and the place was familiarly called Brown's gully.

I have never seen any reference to the place in Oneida County histories, but it was a settlement much larger than many of the country villages in the vicinity of Utica. "Then, too, there was Glass Factory hill, about a mile from here. There was situated the first glass factory in this section of the state. That's gone now, all but the cellar; but there was a time when it enjoyed wide fame and furnished work for about twenty men. Times change, though. The old village is nothing but a reminiscence, and I guess it is just as well when one can look out and see the thriving city of Utica to the south of us."

Article 3

Utica Herald Dispatch Wednesday Evening - March 20, 1901

About The Author Of Hosea Braun

Dr. Woodward Warren

*lived for many years in Deerfield and Boonville
came to Utica from the latter place upon his retirement in 1894.*

Dr. Woodward Warren died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. E.B. Guille, at 11 o'clock last night. He was the son of Woodward and Mary Seaman Warren and was born in Deerfield, September 5, 1823. When a young man he accepted a position with the Utica Observer, but at the age of 30 years he gave up the place there to study medicine. He commenced that profession in the office of Dr. Watson. On being admitted to practice Dr. took up his residence in Deerfield and after living there for about six years removed to Boonville, where with the exception of two years spent in Madison, he had continued to reside until seven years ago, when he gave up his practice and came to live with his daughter at whose residence he died.

Dr. Warren was a member of the Methodist Church. He was also a member of the Oneida County Hemopathic Medical society and took much interest in its affairs. Dr. Warren's first wife was Nancy Biddlecome, who died in 1864. About 36 years ago he married Fanny M. Clock, who survives, also the following children: Mrs.A.M. Whiffen of Oswego, Mrs.A.N.Schryver of Ithaca, Mrs.Mary Scoville of Fremont, O., Mrs.E.B. Guille of Utica, and Charles J. Warren. He leaves also one brother, Richardson Warren of this city.

Dr. Warren was prominent in the Medical profession and formerly had a large practice. In addition he had a liking for literature and at one time wrote poems and other sketches. His poems were widely read.

References:

UTICA PUBLIC LIBRARY

Hosea Braun - Utica Sunday Tribune - Feb. 13, 1898 thru March 13, 1898

Early Romance In Deerfield - Sunday Tribune - Oct. 18, 1908

Hamlet Which Once Thrived in Gorge Near Utica - Sunday Tribune - Sept. 12, 1909

Obituary of Dr. Woodward Warren - Utica Herald Dispatch - March 20, 1901

Wm. B. Scott - Deerfield - Utica Sentinel and Gazette - Sept. 13, 1825

ONEIDA COUNTY OFFICE BUILDING

Reference to names and buildings:

June 20, 1827 - page 362-363

First division of Lot #50

George Brown

Harris Brown

Christopher Brown

December 19, 1828 - page 428-429 - Lot #50

Carding Machine and Apparatus

Harris Brown

Harriet Brown

Henry Foote

January 14, 1831 - page 681-682 - Lot #50

Carding Mill and Clothing Works

Christopher Brown

Roxy Brown

Prosper Foot

November 13, 1836 - page 465-466 - North Lot#50 George Brown

Distillery, Saw Mill, Grist Mill

Lydia Brown

Orville Combs

July 20, 1843 - page 185-186 - Deed Book 110

Carding Mill

Henry Foote

Harriet Foote

Prosper Foote

Chauncey Fisk

ONEIDA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Maps 1852 and 1858

Town of Deerfield Field Book 1829

Meeting in the house of Wm. B. Scott May 5, 1829

Resolved that Daniel Schemerhorn, Henry Foot, Franklin Whitney and Abraham Weaver were issued licences as Inn Keepers. John D. Leland and Stephen Northrup were issued licences as retailers.

Memoirs of an Immigrant Journal of Alexander Coventry MD. (1766-1831)

Dr. Alexander Coventry rented farm since 1798 from Philip Schuyler on Crosby's Manor. Lived in Deerfield in 1806.

July 1, 1806 page 1100 Temp. 62 deg. to 86 deg.

Men helping Foot raise the barn.

March 4, 1814 - page 1212 - Minus 3 deg High 16 deg.

George and John took 24 bushels corn to Glassville.

November 10, 1829 - Low 38 deg. High 48 deg.

George has two men at boards at the saw mill.

ONEIDA COUNTY MAP ROOM

Survey by Calvin Guiteau of the Deerfield Ravine December 5, 1837
Signed by Orville Coombs.

The following are map references of the Deerfield Ravine.

- #56 H. Foots
- #54 G. Browns Saw Mill
- #52 O. Coombs
- #51 G. Brown Grist Mill
- #48 G. Browns Grist Mill Ditch
- #47 G. Browns Two Dams
- #43 G. Browns
- #42 D. Jones
- #41 D. Jones
- #32 R. D. Richards Mill
- # 9 Barlow's Saw Mill

Great Lot #32 Coombs Distillery

Great Lot #50 Clothing Works of Chauncey Fiske and Chas Rawlins

A True Story

Based on actual occurrences in the 1820's, this story was originally written for the Sunday Tribune in February 1898, by Dr. Warren of Utica.

It has been researched and retyped by Richard C. Doyle of Deerfield in honor of Deerfield's Bicentennial in 1998.

Proceeds from the sale of this book will help to fund the Town's Celebration in 1998. Thank you for your support.